

his feet he started for the Powell street entrance of the park carefully carrying the child who now seemed asleep. As he neared the lighted street he saw the woman leave the opposite sidewalk and with a lurch start across to the park. Before she had gone half across an automobile, containing a bunch of youths, all laughing and joking, struck her and knocked her in front of an oncoming cable car. The boy yelled and raced for her, still holding the baby, but before he could reach the prostrate figure the car was stopped and people had sprung from it. A policeman appeared; lifting the woman and commanding the crowd to stand back he carried her to a corner drug store. Phil followed with the baby and stood beside the woman while the policeman asked the drug clerk to phone for the hospital ambulance. Well young man what do you want here?" he asked of Phil. "Well sir, this is her baby that she left in the park and I guess it had better go to the hospital with her." "All right," was the only response, so Phil sat down and waited for the arrival of the ambulance whilst the baby cried softly.

The clanging of a gong announced the arrival of the ambulance and Phil followed the policeman, and the stretcher to it. "You'd better come too," said the policeman, and so with the assistants who had now arranged the woman on a stretcher—they rode to the hospital. When the door was opened and Phil mounted the steps he was confronted by a couple of nuns, as he called them in his mind. The injured woman was brought in and taken to some room down the hall whilst Phil sat by a steam radiator and warmed the baby and himself. Presently one of the nuns returned and said: "This policeman says that you say this is her child. Is that so?" "Yes ma'am," said Phil, and proceeded to tell his small story touching lightly on his gift of money. "Well, we'll take care of it here," said the Sister taking the bundle. As she did so she opened the shawl and saw what Phil had failed to see when he threw away the whisky flask. Tied around the neck of the child was a faded and dirty ribbon and on this a small medallion bearing St. Anthony's face and the supplication, Ora pro nobis, St. Antoni. "Ah," said the Sister, "Holy St. Anthony has provided you to see after this baby I can see." "Oh, but I'm not a Catholic," said Phil. "But that's all right," said the Sister, "what does that matter. You certainly took care of the baby and brought him here and he wears St. Anthony's medal, so, Volle!" Phil smiled as he thought of the day's events and said he must be going. So after the Sister had asked his name and place of residence, which she recorded in a book, she bid Phil goodbye, and he was once more in the street.

It was a long walk to the lodging house where Phil had slept the previous night, but he got there at last, worn out with the long walk and the excitements of the day. Early next morning as he left the lodging house an automobile bearing the familiar Red Cross of the Hospitals drove up and as Phil stood wondering he heard the man who had left the auto speak the name, Philip Vaughan. Phil smiled as he thought of the day's events and said he must be going. So after the Sister had asked his name and place of residence, which she recorded in a book, she bid Phil goodbye, and he was once more in the street.

A swift ride landed them at the hospital and soon Phil was standing beside a white bed in which lay the woman who had been injured the night before. A Sister rose from beside the bed and warning Phil not to talk too much she withdrew. Turning a white and pained face to Phil the woman said: "But for you sir I might never have seen my darling Terry again," and Phil now saw that the baby was sleeping beside her in the bed. He may not live very long, but I wanted you to have a poor woman's thanks and— as Phil would have interrupted—"never let the drink get the best of you—sir—see what it has brought me to. Thank God I've made my confession and received the Sacraments and can now die in peace. The good Sisters have promised to take care of Terry till they write my poor old mother back in country Clare." Tears were streaming down her face as she once more thanked Phil, and as he took her hand the Sister returned with a priest who spoke kindly to the dying woman. Presently the woman tried to turn to the baby and after the Sister had lifted him for the mother to kiss she murmured: "Jesus Mary and Joseph I give you my heart and my soul. St. Anthony pray for me and this young man who took care of Terry. Sacred Heart of Jesus forgive me." And then with a sigh she closed her eyes on this world.

With tears streaming down his face Phil left the hospital and walked and walked not heeding his way till he found himself opposite the Franciscan Church once more. Going in he knelt before the altar of St. Anthony and then in the closing scene of the poor woman's life came before him again he could not restrain his tears. A tall, dignified gentleman who was not far from where Phil knelt heard the sobs that Phil could not suppress and coming over to him he placed his arm on the lad's shoulder and whispered consolation. When presently Phil had regained his composure the gentleman said: "Come with me, I should like to talk to you." They left the church and crossing the avenue entered a building which bore the sign "Knights of Columbus." Going into

the hallway they turned to the left and after unlocking a door the gentleman ushered Phil into a small office and placed him in a chair. "Now young man," he said in a pleasant tone, "tell me what your trouble is, perhaps I can help you." Phil told him as shortly as he could of his lack of employment and his going into the church and what followed, explaining that he was not a Catholic. "So you need a job, eh? Well I'm the man to get you one. I'm the chairman of the Employment Committee of the Knights of Columbus and I think I can place you. Anyway, and he felt in his pocket; here's half a dollar, go and get a good meal and come back here in an hour." Phil thanked him and set off, had a good meal and was back in good time. Arriving at the office he saw the gentleman in conversation with another man in the hallway, so he waited till they had finished their conversation. Presently he was motioned to follow his new friend to the office and there was told to go to—Hotel (one of the best in S. F.) and ask for a Mr. O—. Phil soon found the hotel and the man he was after and was astounded to be told "I'll put you on as Front Clerk at \$60, and meals. I need a man and you look as if you could do the work. Report to-morrow at 9 o'clock." Phil expressed his thanks and returned to the K. of C. building to report his success. "Good," said his friend. "Now try and save a bit against a rainy day and come and see me sometimes." Phil promised, and left the building, crossing the street and was soon kneeling before St. Anthony's shrine. Here he had found peace and help, here he would thank God and St. Anthony. As he made his simple thanks he thought of Brother Pedro and determined to look for him and tell him the good news. Going round to the monastery door he asked for and soon was greeted by Brother Pedro who took him to a small parlor and shared Phil's joy "at his newly-found happiness." "St. Anthony always helps," he said, "and I know you will thank him." "I have already done so," said Phil, "as well as I am able, and some day I will return and put a small offering in the box in the chapel; but brother, it seems so strange to me to get so much help from Catholics. I always believed, as I was taught to believe, that you had no use for Protestants and would cheerfully kill us all for the glory of God."

"You will come to know us better," smiled Brother Pedro. And he did. But he is still unlearning many things as he finds that the Communion of Saints brings him closer and closer to the tender, loving Heart of the Saviour Whom he had known, indeed, but as one afar off.

CARDINAL MERCIER'S MARTYR SOUL

TRIBUTE BY LAST "NEUTRAL" TO SEE HIM BEFORE ARREST

The London, Eng., Weekly Despatch, Jan. 10

This eloquent tribute to Cardinal Mercier, the saintly old man who has been arrested by the Germans because he told his flock they had no other duties to their temporary masters except not to insult them, is written especially for The Weekly Despatch by Mr. Charles N. Wheeler, the war correspondent of the Chicago Tribune. He interviewed the Cardinal at Malines, three weeks ago, and was the last neutral to see him before his arrest.

Cardinal Mercier's arrest at Malines may be expected to arouse rather than extinguish the insurrectionary spirit that naturally prevails among the Belgians. This great intellect and noble soul has a remarkable hold on the people, Catholics and non-Catholics alike, of the "Like Kingdom." In Malines, where his towering frame and kindly face excite daily reverence from the people who know him best, he is idolized. His profound learning and his democratic manners are clothed with the dignity that sweetness of character and gentleness of action beget.

He is the soul of compassion and honour. His sympathies go out to all mankind. A prince of the Church, of widely-renowned erudition, a scholar and teacher to whom have come learned men from many countries to gain new philosophical ideas, he is at all times and in all circumstances, "one of my own people."

Before he was elevated to the cardinalate the townspeople were wont to carry him on their shoulders when they beheld him on the public streets. It was no uncommon sight to see a large throng of men cheering and throwing their hats in the air and, from somewhere near the centre of the group, to behold his tall form smiling on all and saying kindly words. Women pressed their faces to his hands and children ran to touch his robes. I had read of such characters. The good Bishop in Hugo's "Les Misérables" was one. Cardinal Mercier is another.

There is no power on this earth, no influence of any kind, that could make him do an act untrue to himself, his Church or his people. Beneath his gentleness is a rock of firmness in what he conceives to be right. He is of the stuff of which martyrs are made.

I am not a Roman Catholic myself. But when I departed from his shell-sweet palace in Malines three weeks ago—not long after he had retired from the stately concourse at Rome in which the new Pope was chosen to his post among hideous ruin and devastation—I knew I had been looking into the face of one who had contemplated long and humbly the things not of this earth.

Stories came to me from the townspeople before I went to the palace. From high and low, rich and poor—now all levelled to the one plane, without money and without price—came the same narrative. About one thousand men and women and a few children were huddled together in the square before the Hotel de Ville. They talked in low voices or stared blankly. About them lay the bones in ugly piles of smashed stone and brick and plaster, razed by the heavy shells and completely destroyed by the fire that followed.

It was a bleak, cold day. A light mist was falling, making the cobblestone slippery. The sun had not been seen for three days. German soldiers were everywhere. A grey streak shot into the square, to the accompaniment of a single shrill note, and came to a sudden stop before the military headquarters in the quadrangle. It was a motor-car carrying a German officer and his aide. The throng scrambled out of the way quickly. Then they crowded down near it. The more courageous of the men brushed up against the tonneau. Behind them was the great hole in the cathedral's side. It may have been imagination—but one could almost hear the snarl.

I was told subsequently that any act of open resentment of the military authority would be most displeasing to Cardinal Mercier. Others told me that it was the cardinal's counsel that gave the populace courage to suffer patiently.

To understand the feeling at Malines one must take into consideration the religious life of the populace, their long association with the cathedral and the great works of art it contained, and, above all, the idolising of Cardinal Mercier. They have beheld their holy temples profaned and their homes and historic buildings blown into heaps of debris, and they believe that somewhere between one hundred and two hundred civilians were one day placed in a row and shot. Their first sense of horror has worn off. They have become hungry and subjected to privation, not of their own making, and when a human being is hungry to the point of inanition he invariably will assail the cause of his suffering.

In extreme cases the average man would not hesitate to choke to death with his bare hands, if he could, the despoiler of his life.

I had a long talk with Cardinal Mercier, and my impression is that his pastoral letter was intended, in the long run, to inspire the people with a new patriotism of patience that they might continue to endure, by the very virtue of their hope, and restrain themselves from any serious infringement of the military rules.

Any other course by the Belgian civilians at this time would most surely pull down the whole house and result in certain massacre.

DEED IN THE DAYLIGHT

I hesitate to quote the Cardinal at this time because he is in trouble. However innocent our conversation may have been, and however cautious I might be in trying not to give a wrong interpretation of his views, my failure of memory or judgment might lead to some remark.

THE BROTHERS IN BELGIUM

In spite of the ravages of war and of the fact that many of the teachers are with the ambulance corps of the army, most of the Brothers' schools in Belgium are in regular working order. The most important Colleges, as well as the Novitiate houses have not suffered materially. They are those of Lembeek (Mother House), Hal, Brussels, Louvain, Grand-Bigard,



that would be misunderstood or twisted into a complex entirely at variance with the truth. However, it is beyond doubt that he is actuated by the highest motives, both of patriotism, which is never a fault, and of religion; that he is exerting all the force of his great soul and intellect to the end that patience and Christian fortitude shall not be lost sight of and that his people still may continue to bear up under the great burden of sorrow and privation against the day when the sun may shine more brightly for Belgium—if it ever does.

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS AND THE WAR

MANY ARE IN THE AMBULANCE CORPS OR IN THE MILITARY HOSPITALS

One of the religious orders that has been most affected by the great European war is that of the Brothers of the Christian Schools (Christian Brothers) who have houses in nearly all the countries engaged. At the time of the outbreak of hostilities, the Brothers had two flourishing Provinces of their Order in Belgium, besides the Mother House, which is situated near Brussels. In all, the Belgium houses numbered 95, including the celebrated Art Schools of St. Luke and two State Normal Schools.

How the Order has so far been affected by the war is shown in an official statement just issued by the Superior General.

The different authorities showed themselves in general, most considerate and the Turkish Minister of Public Instruction expressed his high esteem for the solid and practical teaching given by the Brothers. On August 5th, when a number of Brothers and other Religious left for France with the first contingent, they received a great ovation. The Minister of Marine, Djemal Pacha, himself saw the party off at the dock.

For the first three months of hostilities in Europe this feeling towards the Brothers suffered no change, but at the beginning of November disquieting rumours began to spread. It was said that new laws were being prepared against schools conducted by foreigners. In fact, this arbitrary legislation was soon put into effect. On the 18th of November, it was enforced at Constantinople and was afterwards extended to all the Provinces of the Turkish Empire.

The Brothers of the Christian Schools were given two days to leave Constantinople, but, through the intervention of the United States Ambassador, who was ever most kind and obliging, they were allowed ten days more. On the eve of the Brothers' departure, the Turkish Minister of Public Instruction called at the College at Kuzumene to assure them of the continuance of his personal sympathy and to express the hope that the former amicable relations might be soon restored.

However, when a "Holy War" was proclaimed throughout the Empire, the Brothers were necessarily exposed to grave danger had not Divine Providence designed to protect them. Indeed, a very special protection throughout these trying times seems to have been granted to all the Religious. While most of those belonging to the allied Nations were interned in concentration camps and retained as hostages, the Religious were allowed to leave the country. The buildings were converted into Turkish Schools or Barracks for mobilization purposes. There was, therefore, no massacre, the Religious being simply expelled. In most cases, the Brothers were allowed to take with them an inventory of their property, a duplicate copy being given to United States Consul or other representative of a Neutral Power. The moveables were also placed under the protection of different Consulates, to be the object of future claims when comes the hoped for Peace of happier days. The Brothers' College at Smyrna is a remarkable exception to the general situation. There the authorities insisted that its continuance was essential to the well-being of the inhabitants. So those of the Brothers from Turkey who are exempt from military service at home, went to the Houses in Egypt, Greece, and the Balkan States to replace those who had been obliged to join the Armies. So far the Brothers in Palestine; Jerusalem, Nazareth, Bethlehem, Caiffa, Jaffa, Beyrout, etc., are still in security at their post doing our dear Lord's work in His own home land.

Alot, Bookryk, Carlsbourg, Malonne, Namur, Tournai, Warchin, Kain, Bettange. The Colleges of Froyennes (1,000 pupils), Mommignes, Hachy, Erquelines, Etampines, have not reopened their classes but are being used as military hospitals. It has been impossible to reorganize the schools at Dinant, Charleroi, Montigny, and Lannaeken, as the buildings were seriously damaged during the first weeks of the war.

According to the Belgian military law, ecclesiastics, religious, and others dispensed from military service in time of peace are obliged, in time of war, to care for the wounded in the field ambulances, with the ambulance trains, or in military hospitals. A large number, therefore, of the Brothers are now so engaged, either on the firing line or at the different base hospitals. In Calais, forty Brothers are attached to the different Belgian hospitals established there.

These various duties often call for exceptional devotedness, especially in the case of typhoid patients, and the officers in charge, as well as the chaplains, have on many occasions testified to the courage, self-sacrifice, and devotedness of the Christian Brothers. Several of the Brothers attached to the ambulances have contracted serious sickness beside the cots of the wounded or have been struck by flying shells on the battlefield. Brother Raymond Joseph, professor at St. Luke's school, Ghent, was killed at the front, at Dixmude, while engaged in his work of charity. Some French Marines, cared for by the Brothers in their ambulance at the banks of the Iser where they had been fighting, they had seen the Belgian Brothers working among the wounded under a hail of fire from machine guns. They picked up tenderly the wounded men of both nations without distinction, and bore them away on the stretchers. "They have saved a large number of our men. We shall never forget them!" added these brave soldiers.

THE BROTHERS IN TURKEY

Up to the time of the declaration of war with Turkey, the Christian Brothers' Schools in these parts had been working under the most satisfactory conditions. At Constantinople, in particular, in spite of the absence of a number of the teachers, the classes opened with the usual numbers. The College at Kadi Keui had no less than 1,000 pupils, 900 of whom were Mussulmans, Turks, Arabians and Persians. The other establishments were equally prosperous.

The different authorities showed themselves in general, most considerate and the Turkish Minister of Public Instruction expressed his high esteem for the solid and practical teaching given by the Brothers. On August 5th, when a number of Brothers and other Religious left for France with the first contingent, they received a great ovation. The Minister of Marine, Djemal Pacha, himself saw the party off at the dock.

For the first three months of hostilities in Europe this feeling towards the Brothers suffered no change, but at the beginning of November disquieting rumours began to spread. It was said that new laws were being prepared against schools conducted by foreigners. In fact, this arbitrary legislation was soon put into effect. On the 18th of November, it was enforced at Constantinople and was afterwards extended to all the Provinces of the Turkish Empire.

The Brothers of the Christian Schools were given two days to leave Constantinople, but, through the intervention of the United States Ambassador, who was ever most kind and obliging, they were allowed ten days more. On the eve of the Brothers' departure, the Turkish Minister of Public Instruction called at the College at Kuzumene to assure them of the continuance of his personal sympathy and to express the hope that the former amicable relations might be soon restored.

However, when a "Holy War" was proclaimed throughout the Empire, the Brothers were necessarily exposed to grave danger had not Divine Providence designed to protect them. Indeed, a very special protection throughout these trying times seems to have been granted to all the Religious. While most of those belonging to the allied Nations were interned in concentration camps and retained as hostages, the Religious were allowed to leave the country. The buildings were converted into Turkish Schools or Barracks for mobilization purposes. There was, therefore, no massacre, the Religious being simply expelled. In most cases, the Brothers were allowed to take with them an inventory of their property, a duplicate copy being given to United States Consul or other representative of a Neutral Power. The moveables were also placed under the protection of different Consulates, to be the object of future claims when comes the hoped for Peace of happier days. The Brothers' College at Smyrna is a remarkable exception to the general situation. There the authorities insisted that its continuance was essential to the well-being of the inhabitants. So those of the Brothers from Turkey who are exempt from military service at home, went to the Houses in Egypt, Greece, and the Balkan States to replace those who had been obliged to join the Armies. So far the Brothers in Palestine; Jerusalem, Nazareth, Bethlehem, Caiffa, Jaffa, Beyrout, etc., are still in security at their post doing our dear Lord's work in His own home land.

Throughout all this crisis we can but admire and bless God's loving care of His own.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

St. Patrick's Day is a day full of suggestion and inspiration to all who enjoy the proud privilege of being even remotely descended from the race which was Christianized by the Apostle of Ireland. On St. Patrick's Day no matter how dark the outlook seems, the Irish race throughout the world looks back lovingly to Erin's patron saint, and looks forward hopefully to the bright future which they firmly believe will crown the struggles of the old land as a consequence of its faithfulness to St. Patrick and to the faith which he left as a precious legacy to his chosen country. Faith and fatherland are as one in the Irish heart and mind on St. Patrick's Day: through all the prayers uttered on that day runs the note of patriotism, and in all the songs and speeches of stirring patriotism we hear the sound of prayer, the supplication of God's catholicity and care over the old Catholic nation. So may it be forever! Irish prosperity, Irish self-government, even, would be dearly purchased at the price of loss of faith. May Ireland still continue to be, as she has been in the past, true to the faith of St. Patrick, and there need be no fear but that out of her seemingly lowly state the Almighty Ruler of races and peoples will raise her in His own good time to a place among the nations of the earth, there to shine among them all as an example of His justice and goodness, and as a sign that there is still a God in Israel.—Sacred Heart Review.

Catholic Books 50c EACH
NOVELS, STORIES, Lives of the Saints, Devotional. All Cloth Bound. Sent for 50c. Special Discount to Clergy. W. E. Blake & Son, Ltd. 123 Church St. TORONTO

FINANCIAL
THE ONTARIO LOAN & DEBENTURE COY.
Capital Paid Up, \$1,750,000. Reserve \$1,450,000
Deposits received, Debentures issued, Real Estate Loans made. John McCarty, Pres.; A. M. Smart, Mgr.
Office: Dundas St., Cor. Market Lane, London.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS
FOY, KNOX & MONAHAN
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries &c.
Hon. J. J. Foy, K. E. A. Knox, T. Louis Macdonald, K. L. Middleton, George Keogh
Cable Address: "Foy"
Telephone: Main 794
Office: Continental Life Building
CORNER BAY AND RICHMOND ST. ST. E. TORONTO

JOHN T. LOFTUS,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY, ETC.
712 TEMPLE BUILDING
TORONTO
Telephone Main 639

P. J. O'GORMAN
ARCHITECT
Plans, Specifications, Estimates prepared.
SUDBURY, ONT.

FRANK J. FOLEY, LL.B.
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR
The Keat Building
Corner Yonge and Richmond Streets
TORONTO ONT

Loretto Ladies' Business College
385 Brunswick Ave., Toronto
MUSIC STUDIO ATTACHED

Western School
Y.M.C.A. BLDG., LONDON, ONT.
Students assisted to positions. College opens Sept 1st. Catalogue free. Enter any time.
J. W. WESTERVELT, J. W. WESTERVELT, JR., C.A.
Principal 15 Vice-Principal

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE
Founded 1864 BERLIN, ONTARIO
Excellent Business College Department. Excellent High School or Academic Department. Excellent College and Philosophical Department.
Address
REV. A. L. ZINGER, O.E., Ph.D., FRM

Funeral Directors
John Ferguson & Sons
180 King Street
The Leading Undertakers and Embalmers
Open Night and Day
Telephone—Home 372 Factory—543

E. C. Killingsworth
Funeral Director
Open Day and Night
481 Richmond St. Phone 3971

A BOOK BY "COLUMBA"
"At the Gate of the Temple"
A "People's" Book of Irish and Oath Ode Poems by "Columba" (Rev. D. A. Casey.) AN IDEAL GIFT BOOK. Bound in cloth with portrait.

POST FREE, \$1.00, from
The Catholic Record, London, Ont.
W. E. BLAKE, 123 Church St., Toronto, Ont.
or The Author, Brookbridge, Ont.
The Catholic Record
LONDON, CANADA

Our Home Library

50c. Each
POSTAGE FREE
Novels and Religious Books by the Best Catholic Authors

NO. ONE
ADDITIONAL TITLES NEXT WEEK
NOVELS
BIT OF OLD IVORY and Other Stories. This beautiful collection of tales is a veritable bouquet of blossoms sweet and fragrant. They are truly legacies left to us by Heaven, and as such should be treasured by every Catholic household.
A DOUBLE KNOT and Other Stories, by Mary T. Waggoner and others. The stories are excellent. They have much pathos and humor scattered throughout them.
THE FRIENDLY LITTLE HOUSE and Other Stories, by Marie Amélie Aggett and others. A library of short stories of thrilling interest by a group of Catholic authors that rank with the best writers of contemporary fiction.
THE LADY OF THE TOWER and Other Stories, by George Barton and others. This is a collection of short stories which will please the most fastidious tastes. The volume comprises fifteen stories, which are all worthy to live in short-story literature. Most of them are of a little more than the others, stories of adventure or mystery.
THE SENIOR LIEUTENANT'S WAGER and Other Stories, by the Rev. Fr. J. J. Foy, O.S.A. Altogether it would be hard to find a fuller book than this. The author has used up a great deal of material which might have been strung out into many pages. It is a book that may be enjoyed for a few months and then read again and it makes in every part of it for high thinking and religious living.

HER JOURNEYS' END, by Francis Cooke. A story of mystery, of strategy, of jealousy, of pesty jealousy, and of sublime devotion.
AGATHA'S HARD SAYING, by Rosa Mulholland. Rosa Mulholland's story. This is a story of details not always found in novels of the day, which is development bare witness at every page to a complete mastery of the subject, joined to grace and force of diction.
THE LIGHT OF HIS COUNTENANCE, by Jeremiah. A highly suggestive story. This is a story of the characters are natural, their conversation is sprightly and unhampered, and there are bursts of genuine comedy to lighten the tragic darker shades.
HER JOURNEYS' END, by Francis Cooke. A story of mystery, of strategy, of jealousy, of pesty jealousy, and of sublime devotion.
AGATHA'S HARD SAYING, by Rosa Mulholland. Rosa Mulholland's story. This is a story of details not always found in novels of the day, which is development bare witness at every page to a complete mastery of the subject, joined to grace and force of diction.

FORGIVE AND FORGET, by Ernest Linden. A story of wholesome love story, showing a power of nobility of soul and unflinching devotion.
THE HEIR OF CROENSTEIN, by Countess Hahn-Hahn. An exquisite story of life and love told in touchingly simple words.
IDOLS; or The Secret of the Rue Chausse d'Antin by Raoul de Navery. The story is a remarkably clever one; it is well constructed and epitomizes a master hand.
IN GOD'S GOOD TIME, by H. M. Ross. This is a story that grips the reader in it the liveliest sympathy for what is human and good.
THE MONKS' PARDON, by Raoul de Navery. An historical romance of the time of King Philip IV. of Spain.

MY LADY BEATRICE, by Francis Cooke. The story of a society development through the love of a strong man. It is vivid in characterization, and intense in interest.
THE OTHER MISS, by M. C. Martin. A powerful story of South African life. It is singularly strong and full of interest. It contains a great deal of masterly characterization.
THE OUTLAW OF CAMARQUE, by A. de Lathuille. This is a capital novel with plenty of "go" in it.
ROSE OF THE WORLD, by M. C. Martin. A very sweet and touching story which will appeal to the reader through its qualities.
THE SHADOW OF EVERSLIGH, by Jane Landis. It is a weird tale, blending not a little of the supernatural with the real and exciting incidents.
THE TEMPEST OF THE HEART, by Mary Agatha Gray. A story of love that centers around a young monk musician.

THE SECRET OF THE GREEN VASE, by Francis Cooke. The "secret" is a very close one, and the reader will not solve it until near the end of the book.
SO AS BY FIRE, by Jean Connor. After living a life that was a lie, the heroine of this story renounces it all that she might know the great wrong she has done. A really absorbing and profitable story.
THE TEST OF COURAGE, by H. M. Ross. A story that grips the heart. The well constructed plot, the breezy dialogue, the clear, rapid style, carry the reader away.
THE TURN OF THE TIDE, by Mary Agatha Gray. There is a complexity in the weaving of this story that will keep the reader in suspense till the very end.

THE UNBIDDEN GUEST, by Francis Cooke. A tale of hearts that love to suffer, and win. It is a uniquely conceived tale, full of unexpected complications, and with a heroine who is so truly Catholic that she is an inspiration.
DION AND THE SYBILS, by Miles Keon. A classic novel, far richer in sentiment and sounder in thought than any other of its kind.
MISS ERIN, by M. E. Francis. A captivating tale of Irish life redolent of genuine Celtic wit, love, and pathos, and charming in the true Catholic spirit that permeates every page.
THEIR CHOICE, by Henrietta Dana Skinner. Its characters are cleverly drawn, and its pages are full of shrewd wit and delicate humor.

BETWEEN FRIENDS, by Richard Aumale.
BROWNIE AND I, by Richard Aumale.
IN QUEST OF THE GOLDEN CHEST, by George Barton.
THE MYSTERY OF CLEVERLY, by George Barton.
HOW THEY WORKED THEIR WAY and other stories, by M. Siga.
FREDDY CARR'S ADVENTURES, by Rev. R. P. Garrold, S. J.
FREDDY CARR AND HIS FRIENDS, by Rev. R. P. Garrold, S. J.
THE JUNIORS OF ST. BEDE'S, by Rev. Thos. Byson.
NED RIEDER, by Rev. John Weha.
JACK HILDRETH ON THE NILE, by Marion A. Taggart.
WINNETOU, THE APACHE KNIGHT, by Marion A. Taggart.
THE TREASURE OF NUGGET MOUNTAIN, by Marion A. Taggart.
THE PLAYWATER PLOT, by Mary T. Waggoner.

CLARE LORRAINE, by "Lee."
HARMONY FLATS, by C. S. Whitmore.
A KLONDIKE PICNIC, by Eleanor C. Donnelly.
THE LITTLE MARSHALLS AT THE LAKE, by Mary T. Nixon Roullet.
MILLY AVELING, by S. A. Trainor Smith.
THE NEW SCHOLAR AT ST. ANNE'S, by Marion J. Brunow.
PETRONILLA, and Other Stories, by Eleanor C. Donnelly.
POVERINA, by Evelyn Buckenham.
THE MYSTERY OF HORNBY HALL, by Anna T. Sadler.
TOLD IN THE TWILIGHT, by Mother M. Salomon.
CALLISTA, by Cardinal Newman. A tale of the Third Century; attempting to imagine and express the feelings and relations between Christians and heathens of that time.
THE SISTER OF CHARITY, by Mrs. Anna H. Doney. The story of a Sister of Charity who, as a nurse, attends a non-Catholic family, and after a shipwreck and rescue from almost hopeless situation, brings the family into the Church of God. It is especially interesting in its descriptions.
FABIOLA, by Cardinal Wiseman. This edition of Cardinal Wiseman's tale of early Christian times is much more modern and decidedly more attractive than the old editions.